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Alien Policy

scifi alien diplomacy

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Chapter 1 by Phantim

The Shloopii emissary, Swik, walked through the doors and into the bustling office of the Intergalactic Relations building. Everyone paused and looked at the tall grey alien. The serious look on his face caused everyone to be quiet as he walked over to the department's head, Frank Ulgo. Once they were face to face, Swik began to brief him on the situation.

"Apparently the UEA's (United Earth Alliance) ambassador Mr. Kelley didn't read about the Zlingons before he went off to meet them. During the photo op with their king, he put his hand on his shoulder. No big deal right? Only the natural bacteria that exist on human skin were toxic to his system. Long story short, the Earth's Ambassador has just murdered the Zlingon King and... well either we are gonna have to do some very skilled diplomacy, or there could be war," Swik said. His long speech in his shrill voice grated on Frank, but he was more or less used to it by now.

"Wow, that sounds awful. What happened to the Ambassador?" Frank asked.

"Well, about that...." Swik began.

"Greetings, humans. We are the Antarens, your superiors. Surrender or face erasure."

Dashing through the halls of the ship, Xavier Stillds was set on finding the storage compartment and the spare plasma capsules. He was on artillery duty, so he had to fight back. Loading the capsules into the main cannon, he sat down, grabbed the joystick - and fired. 'BLAM, BLAM, BLAM!' the cannon fired three shots, before being reloaded. They all hit the bridge of the Antarens' ship. The Antarens hacked in again, this time - the screen. The aiming screen on the cannon Xavier was on shut off, before loading footage of the Antarens' commander - Reddue. He appeared to be a red, ant-like creature - yet it stood upright, like a human. Fearing the worst, Xavier fired anyway - despite not seeing where to aim. Again, 'BLAM BLAM BLAM!' three shots were fired.

"Humans - you have tired me. Your pea-shooters do not pierce our Alphaship's Adentiute (Ah - den - too - ite) alloy frame!"

The Antarens' ship fired. The rear engine of UEA 2a was hit - and it promptly exploded, killing the engineers. The ship wasn't going anywhere, and whatever Xavier would do - it was just going to be a lose/lose game.

Chapter 3 by bruh26

But the humans had just had something in store. The year was 3005, so technology had been greatly increased by following scientific research. The commander would have to make his own sacrifice for the savvier of the humans ship. He put himself an a cannon pod. The bacteria on the human skin was yet again toxic to the aliens. He injected his heart into the laser tripod firing system. That way he could spread the bacteria all over the alien ship, so they would instantly die out. ''It has been a pleasure to serve'', he said as the cannon fired. Then the captain peacefully died, but also had save the human ship.

Chapter 4 by thatjacktansley

"And that's all we know as of now, sire," Swik said, finishing his long-winded explanation. As he

"Morning, fellas," the Antaren admiral said, before regurgitating his breakfast onto one of the soldiers.

"Oh lord! That's disgusting!" Frank snorted. The admiral's gun whirred, before firing at Frank, knocking him back.

"Your 2a ship has been destroyed, in an attempt to fight back. I am not afraid you kill you two now."

Unfortunately, the captain's heroic attempt failed. The Antaren's body was not weak like the Zlingons. Reddue cackled as he fired a final shot at the ship. Aboard the 2a, the remaining crew members were plummeting to an unknown planet at an alarming rate. CRUNCH! The ship hit a tree. CRUNCH! Again. A final hit sent them deep into the dense jungle of the planet. Few survivors remained - Xavier, one of the medics, some engineers and a soldier. What were they to do?

Back at the Intergalactic Relations building, a lethal battle started. Dead Antarens, dead humans and various other alien carcasses littered the room. Frank, still injured from the gunshot, grabbed a small taser pistol from underneath the table, then fired. It backfired, pinging back at him. He toppled onto the floor, shaking. Swik was fighting back, firing at the attackers. "Surrender! We have you surrounded!"

"Cripes..."

Chapter 5 by Evangaline ✎

"So you got any ideas?" Frank grunted, a thick black liquid oozing from his wound.

"We don't exactly have many options."

Swik rose from the cover to fire at the cluster of Antarens who steadily made their way through the entrance at the far end of the office; glass spraying in all directions as they fired haphazardly through the room.

"Security, this is Frank, do you read me? Over!"

Silence.

"Is anyone there? Over!"

"I copy, over"

Frank sighed with relief, the chaos around the two aliens increasing exponentially.

"What's going on? Over."

"Anterans have infiltrated the upper office levels and the main entrance, we're working to contain them now, sir. We've dispatched a Psyk to your level right now. Over."

Frank swallowed, exchanging a glance with Swik, who sat with his back pressed against the desk; his brow furrowed at the news. The young alien opened his mouth to say something, but his voice was quickly cut off by a shrill, high-pitched shriek. The lights flickered, and In seconds, the room was engulfed in the blood-curdling screams of the Anterans.

Silence.

Slowly, Swik rose to his knees, peering over the edge of the desk. There, amongst the Anteran's corpses, stood a woman. Her slender form was slightly disfigured and gnarled, her skin a pale green, and thick bone like tendrils wrapped around her body. Turning her head, the woman's black eyes met Swik's over her shoulder.
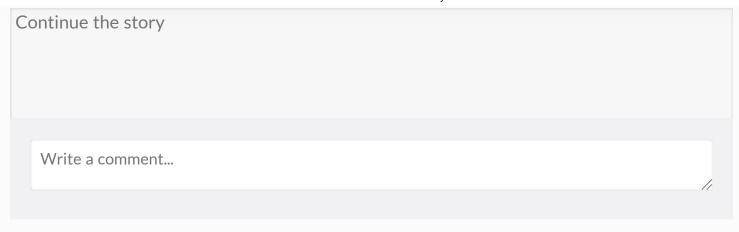
Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8

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